



**PROVIDING SHELTER FOR HOGS.**

**Form of Straw Pile for Swine That is Proving Satisfactory.**

In some respects, there is no better way of sheltering hogs in real cold weather than to give them the run of the straw pile. Of course, this plan is open to very serious objections if suitable accommodations are not provided. To merely turn a large drove of hogs against an average sized straw pile without making proper provisions for their comfort is to make "piling" easy and death by suffocation or injury probable. Without the expenditure of much money or labor good shelters may be made in



Straw-Pile Shelter.

straw piles. The accompanying illustration will give the reader an idea of one very common type of a straw-pile hog pen. Two or three forked posts are set securely in the ground and in the forks of these a strong rail is placed to support the slanting timbers which rest upon the ground. The rails are held securely in place by the straw which is piled or stacked about and above them. To prevent all shifting of the rails they may be dug into the ground. This form of shelter is proving satisfactory with many corn belt feeders.

**Utilize All the Ground.**

There is enough land on the farms of this country that is not productive because it has not been properly drained to cause serious consideration. Going about the country at any time during the year one sees on almost every farm low, wet spots that in ordinary years do not produce anything in the spring. Such spots are almost without exception the most fertile spots on the farm when drained. It is not uncommon to find two or three acres of such land on the farm so situated that it would not cost more than the value of two or three crops to put in good condition to produce large crops. The time will come when unproductive acres on a farm will be a disgrace to the owner, but in the west it seems just now to be a long way off.

**Binding Corn Fodder.**

Many farmers have a handy device for binding corn fodder as it is husked from the shock in the field. It consists of a small wooden rack for holding the fodder and a hand lever for pressing it down for tying. A good armful of fodder is placed in this rack, the lever pressed down and caught and the bundle tied with binding twine. These bundles, with all ears of corn removed, are light and easy to handle. They may be placed in the hayrack or other shelter and will keep perfectly for many months, since the absence of corn on them does not attract rats and mice.

**Handling a Potato Crop.**

Use bushel crates, a four-horse digger, and put the potatoes directly into wagons and put on the barn floor. We finish harvesting in early September. During the late summer we spray for flea beetles and other insects that bother. We do not use any fertilizer after planting, nor do we use any cover crop, as the land is seeded to wheat shortly after the potatoes are harvested.

**Rolling Up Barbed Wire.**

A simple and easy way to take up barbed wire fencing is to use a small hand cart made from two low buggy wheels. A frame is built on so that the old reel the wire came on would go between. Make holes in the reel square to pass a wooden crank shaft through the top of the frames on the cart. With such an arrangement two men can easily take down barbed wire; one handling the crank, the other rolling the cart as the wire is rolled on the reel.

**Remove the Burdock.**

Any of the fields full of burdock? If this pest has a good start it will spread all over the farm by the end of another season. Easy to kill it. The burdock only lives a couple of years if frequently mowed off close to the ground, but the best way is to take an iron bar, drive it down deeply by the side of the root and pry the whole miserable thing out and burn it, root and branch. Every plant thus treated is dead and done for.

**Root Growth.**

A study of the root growth of corn shows that the lateral roots run about four inches below the surface of the soil between the rows. This shows that the cultivation should not be deep after they have made good growth.

**Cost of Cranberry Marshes.**

The cost of preparing a marsh for cranberry culture in Wisconsin is placed at \$300 to \$350 per acre. It takes from three to five years to produce a full crop and the yield per acre varies from fifty to two hundred bushels.

**Murder Revealed by a Dream.**

Perhaps the most amazing crime mystery ever solved by a dream was that revealed by a murder trial a couple of generations ago. The dead body of Mr. Norway, an inoffensive Cornish gentleman, had been found by the roadside between Wadebridge and Bodmin, brutally murdered. No trace of the murderer could be found, and the mystery of the crime seemed beyond all solution, when Mr. Norway's brother, a naval officer, arrived in England and told the following singular story:

On the very night of his brother's murder, when he was on his ship in the West Indies, he saw him in a dream walking along the Bodmin road, when from a dark recess in the hedge two ruffians sprang out, slew and robbed him and then made their way to a house in Wadebridge, which he saw vividly in his dream. To this house he conducted the police officers, and there he found the very two men whom in his vision he had seen commit the murder. They confessed and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Horse Dentists.**

In every large city there are now dentists who devote their entire attention to horses, and they are kept surprisingly busy the year round. The equine dentist is of course provided with special instruments for the extraction and filling of the teeth of animals needing attention. It is rather interesting to observe an operation in horse dentistry. One of the instruments, called a speculum, presents the appearance of an ivory handle and four small bars of nickel working on a ratchet and crossing one another in such a manner as to form a hollow square that can be made large or small by the turning of a screw. Setting this device to the proper size, the horse dentist will slip it gently into the suffering animal's mouth, which, during the operation, is kept partly open by a groom, and when the instrument is fitted upon, say, one of the back teeth the beast's mouth is kept open as wide as possible.—Harper's Weekly.

**The Parson Bird.**

Among the feathered inhabitants of New Zealand there is a bird called the parson bird, or tul. It is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate white tufts at its throat and is a glossy dark green otherwise, which looks black in the sunshine. It can be taught to crow, to speak, to whistle tunes, and, besides these tricks, it has a repertory which is not often equaled by any other feathered songster. At vespers it has a note like the toll of a bell or the clear, high note of an organ. It can mimic every bird in the bush to perfection. It will break off in the middle of an exquisite melody and indulge in a strange melody of sounds which are impossible to describe, but if you can imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh, a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," it will be some approach to the idea.

**Where He Made His Money.**

Years ago a gentleman settled in the south of England and became very popular in the neighborhood. The county families could never discover how he had made his money, but were satisfied by his solemn assurance that it was not in trade. Nothing could exceed the ordinary gravity of his demeanor, which indeed caused him to be placed on the commission of peace, but now and then, without any apparent provocation, he would burst into such a laugh as no one ever heard before except in one place. Where they could have heard it puzzled the county families for five and twenty years, but at last he was betrayed unconscious by his own grandchild, who, after a visit to a traveling circus, innocently exclaimed, "Why, grandpa laughs just like the clown!"—James Payn.

**Well Answered.**

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the theater?" asked the man. "I don't know," replied the woman. "Why do you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides to second base?"—Washington Star.

**A Slight Difference.**

Undue rapidity of speech or indistinct utterance often leads to curious misunderstandings. An instance of this is given by Walter Seymour in his "Ups and Downs of a Wanderer's Life." "A clergyman," he says, "was sent for by a sick old parishioner who was not a churchgoer and who was deaf. The clergyman said: 'What induced you to send for me?' 'What does he say?' said the man to his wife. 'He says why the deuce did you send for him?'"

**A Patron.**

"Mr. Carriman is very busy now," said the private secretary of the railroad president. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh," replied the pompous visitor, "just a friendly call. I thought he'd like to know that I ride on his suburban branch now. I'm Colonel Nuritch."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Similarity.**

"What a noisy thing that bass drum is!" remarked the clarinet grudgingly. "Yes," replied the trombone; "just like a human being, isn't it?" "Like a human being?"

"Yes; it's the one with the big head that makes the most noise."—London Telegraph.

**Shaking Hands.**

Few people know how to shake hands well. The general run of folk either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—London World.

The wise are polite all the world over; fools are polite only at home.—Bacon.

**KILLS SELF TO PAY DEBT.**

**Brooklyn Man Concluded Only Way Out of Difficulties Lay in Suicide.**

New York, Nov. 10.—Michael S. Keegan, a Brooklyn tobacco dealer, killed himself in his room back of his shop at 118 Adams street because that was the only way he could pay back a debt of \$45.

Three weeks ago Keegan borrowed the money from Jasper Collins of 124 Pearl street to replenish the stock of cigars and tobacco. He was fairly successful in selling to the people of the neighborhood, but made most of his sales on credit and found it hard to collect. The debt of \$45 preyed on his mind, and he finally came to the conclusion that the only honorable way out of his financial difficulties lay in suicide, and he turned on all four gas jets when he went to bed.

**Arrests May Solve Murder.**

New York, Nov. 10.—By the arrest of three men on the charge of burglary the police are of the belief that they are now in a fair way to solve the mystery surrounding the murder of Stephen Sinkovitch, who was killed in the hallway of 436 West Thirty-eighth street a week ago. Sinkovitch was stabbed to death while resisting the efforts of three men to rob him. The police declare that the three men know something about the murder of Sinkovitch.

**Prince Henry, the Navigator.**

The kingdom of Portugal counted in its royal house one of the men who hold first rank in scientific attainment and practical application. He was the son of John I. of Portugal and Queen Philippa (who was an English princess); he spent his life in sending out ships on voyages of discovery, and it was through this Prince Henry, called "the Navigator," that Columbus got his idea of seeking for a new land across the sea.

**Our Friendships.**

Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere and eternal—of one web with the laws of morals and of nature.—Goethe.

**Nature's Ways.**

Nature turns over a new leaf in the spring, but in the fall she always paints things red.—Philadelphia Record.

**SOCIAL PROGRESS.**

**What a Small City's Civic Club Has Accomplished.**

All over the United States small towns are realizing that they, as well as the great cities, have social and civic conditions and problems which call for a rally of citizenship and community action. How much can be quickly accomplished in a small city is shown by the work of the Civic Club of Cumberland, Allegany county, Md., which is only a year old.

The direct work has been done by the women, but the men have risen to the club's suggestions and are turning to it for help in a surprising number of cases, says the Survey. The major part of the meat dealers petitioned for the club's co-operation in doing away with insanitary conditions of sale from wagons. The city officials were interested to co-operate in removing these. The electric railway authorities have been brought to see the need of a new station and lavatory. The board of health is coming to realize the necessity of locating the slaughter houses more suitably and controlling their conditions.

A committee of merchants petitioned for an arm light where disorderly men and women congregated and for the requirement of screens over fruit, meats, etc., exposed for sale.

Unfortunate conditions after dark in a cemetery led to the appointment of a committee to look after the nuisance, composed of members of the church controlling the cemetery. The school authorities have established an evening school this year, and a union of forces has brought about a very successful beginning of playgrounds. During the year a committee of men has put the Cumberland charities upon a business basis.

The Allegany county schools have made great progress during the last few years under the leadership of an efficient superintendent, and their service as social centers is being developed. All these social advances are likely to broaden into a comprehensive study of conditions and further progress in securing civic institutions and social legislation.

**PARIS KNOWS THEIR VALUE.**

**Smooth, Clean Highways and Beautiful Parks Are Profitable to the City.**

Paris has accepted unflinchingly the doctrine that smooth and clean highways are a wise investment and that so long as the work is done in a thorough and scientific manner, with an honest and skillful application of means to ends, the result is worth having regardless of cost. The expense of maintaining, cleaning and sprinkling the streets is greater than in any other European city, but the sort of pre-eminence that such a street service helps to secure is profitable in a hundred indirect ways.

Paris has by far the richest park equipment of any city in the world. The area of parks within an afternoon's excursion is 20,000 acres, while farther away are more extensive public grounds, such as Versailles and Fontainebleau. It is impossible to estimate the profits which Paris derives annually from its parks, boulevards and public buildings. Bankers have estimated that Americans spend upward of \$500,000,000 annually in foreign countries, and it is safe to say that Paris receives at least one-fifth of this vast sum, the profits from which are as great as are the profits from pork to Chicago, shoes to St. Louis and beer to Milwaukee.

The experience of Paris ought to convince the most skeptical that there is no modern community of civilized men which cannot afford to provide the most perfect public appointments that technical and scientific knowledge have discovered—well made and clean streets, good water, proper drainage, convenient transit facilities, complete schools and thorough sanitary organizations. No city should think itself rich enough to prosper without them, and no city is so poor that it cannot afford them.—Harvey N. Sheppard in Outlook.

**For a Spotless Town.**

The Kansas City chief of police has issued a rather drastic order, as follows, says the Twentieth Century Magazine: "Arrest on view any person throwing paper or other rubbish on the streets or in vacant lots, any person excavating without a permit, any person tacking or sticking cards or posters on sidewalks, fence poles or in other public places; any person scattering handbills or circulars on sidewalks, streets, porches, yards or private premises or distributing them to passersby; all teamsters who allow dirt or rubbish to fall from their wagons. Patrolmen are also instructed to notify all owners or agents of vacant property on their beats that weeds must be cut at once and all rubbish removed; to notify owners of abutting property where earth has washed down on to the street or sidewalk to remove the same immediately; cause the immediate removal of manure piles which may be in the alleys."

**Co-operative Street Work.**

If you would have abutting property owners interested in having clean, beautiful streets to the extent of active co-operation municipalities must be progressive in street improvements. It is hardly to be expected that clean parkways and well cared for street trees will abound in districts where town officials do not do their full duty. It is hard enough to obtain full co-operation even where existing conditions are well high perfect, and every degree of negligence on the part of a town is fully reflected in the slovenly condition of those parts under care of the residents.

**Lunch Room Repartee.**

The young man with the iron cheek entered the quick lunch room and seated himself at the third table.

"Belinda," he called familiarly, "you look fresh this morning."

"Not half as fresh as some others," retorted the pretty waitress, with an elevation of her nose.

"Well, well! Have you calf brains?"

"If I did you wouldn't order them, for you have an oversupply now."

"My, but you are getting good for the matinee! With the high price of meats eggs come in handy these days, don't they?"

"No; they come in crates."

"Wow! Did you ever hear the story of the incubator chick? It's not out yet."

"That will do, sonny. Did you ever hear the story of the cold porridge? Well, it's on you!"

There was an unexpected tilting of a dish, and the young man with the iron cheek was showered with oatmeal.—Boston Post.

**Consolation.**

A little girl of thirteen or so found herself one day possessed of a new emotion—a desire to be pretty. She struggled with it, but finally went to the long mirror in the hall and for the first time in her life looked at herself critically from head to foot. She saw what most girls see at thirteen—a lanky creature, mostly legs and arms, hands and feet. It hurt her, and she went out of doors to think it over. Thought resulted in tears, and in tears she was found half an hour later by her particular chum, a boy near her own age. Anxious inquiry as to why she was crying induced her to speak.

"Oh, Harold," she wailed, "I've just looked at myself in the glass, and I'm so homely!"

The boy was puzzled, but sympathetic, and made an effort at consolation. He looked at her a minute, then awkwardly patted her, saying soothingly:

"Not homely, Alice; just funny looking."—New York Times.

**Doesn't Know Her Age.**

There is a glaring phase of unfairness in the position of the two sexes, despite all our struggles for the suffrage. A woman still dreads to tell her age, no matter how youthful she may look, while as long as a man looks youthful he is generally willing to admit and even to boast of how many milestones he has passed. There is at least one father who understood this problem in time and who gave his daughter a fair chance in life by never letting her know how old she was. He realized at her birth that a time would come when she would not want to tell her age, and he spared her the humiliation of having to prevaricate, so she was never told either her age or the place where she was born, and there were no birth records preserved in the family.—New York World.

**Tearing a Proverb to Tatters.**

One of our correspondents, to whom so far as we can remember we never did any injury, sends us the following: Carlyle said that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. We venture to think this definition appropriate to a clerk.

But in a doctor genius is an infinite capacity for slaking pains.

In a commercial traveler, for taking trains.

In a literary man, for raking brains.

In a sanitary engineer, for making drains.

And in a Don Juan, forsaking Janes.

Oscar Wilde's emendation of the proverb was at once briefer and more obvious. "Genius," he said, "is an infinite incapacity for taking pains."—London News.

**Shopping Troubles.**

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her."

"We have a nice line of feather boas."

"No, no. I mean something that would make a hit with her."

"Anything in hammers?"

"You misunderstand. I want something striking that!"

"Ah, you wish a clock."

"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Permanent.**

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success Magazine.

**Hardly.**

A Sunday school teacher, after reading the story of Ananias and Sapphira to the juvenile class, asked, "Now, children, why doesn't the Lord strike everybody dead who tells a lie?"

"Cause," answered a bright little fellow, "there wouldn't be anybody left hardly."—Chicago News.

**Must Be Rich.**

"He must have money."

"What makes you think so?"

"He never takes the thirty days' grace allowed on his life insurance premiums."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Fair Inference.**

Joe—For years I used to get up at 6, breakfast at 8, dinner at 1, tea at 4 and bed at 10, and I never felt better in my life. Bill—Joe, what were you in for?—London Telegraph.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.—Flouding.

**Cave-Dwellers in Wales.**

Cave-dwellers still survive among us here and there, and there is living at Llandudno an aged woman known colloquially as Miriam's Ogo. She is ninety-three years of age and till quite lately lived in a cave on the side of the Great Orme. There she bore and brought up a family of thirteen children, one of whom is the stalwart "bowman" of the Llandudno lifeboat. Miriam's husband—a also a cave-man—made himself a pair of wings out of feathers for the purpose of getting up and down the face of the cliff; but his clever efforts in aviation led at last to a serious accident.—Cardi Western Mail.

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**THE BOYS FROM TOWN.**



—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer.